The Evening World.

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WHY NO HELP FROM ALBANY?

PARAGRAPHS from the Food Law of the State of New York, selected and printed by The Evening World to remind the State Food Commission what it CAN rather than what it can't do to protect New York consumers from the continued raids of retail food profiteers, have produced encouraging results.

Following The Evening World's lead, even the Federal Food Board suddenly begins to quote from Federal and State Statutes to prove that food administrations are not so powerless as they have seemed to everybody—including the food administrators themselves.

Nothing could be more promising than a timely resolve on the part of food regulators to find out what is in the laws behind them and how much those laws give them the power to do rather than the excuse for not doing.

For food administrations to begin to declare and define their powers is the first hopeful step toward exercising them.

The strange thing about the Food Commission of this State is that although the act which created it was demanded, shaped (so far as might be) and driven through a special session of the Legislature by the present State Administration, there has of late been little effort from that quarter to keep up its momentum.

What the New York State Food Commission has badly needed and still needs is—push.

Why is none applied from Albany? What has happened to Gov. Whitman's earlier zeal for a programme of genuine food control in the State of New York?

IN THE NAME OF SOUND CITIZENSHIP.

THE BOARD OF EDUCATION yesterday sustained the verdict of the High School Committee against the three teachers of the De Witt Clinton High School. The Board found these three public school instructors "guilty of holding views subversive of discipline and of undermining good citizenship. It therefore dismissed them from the service."

That, we believe, is all that matters from the point of view of public interest in the City of New York.

The fact that there was a bitter row in the Board of Education before the dismissal was voted is beside the main point. Trying to impugn the motives of Chairman Whalen of the High School Committee and drowning out the question of loyalty in a clamor of recrimination does not alter the fact that the charges were originally based upon conduct and attitude of mind which only sophistry could ever attempt to uphold as the kind of positive, 100 per cent. patriotism that ought to be found in public school teachers.

Fortunately a sufficient number of members of the Board of Education kept a clear and undisturbed view of what the inculcation of sound citizenship should really mean in these grave times.

THE RIGHT SPIRIT.

A TIMELY example of practical patriotic service comes from the headquarters of the United Mine Workers of America.

Ordinarily it has been the custom to quit work in the coal mines during the entire week of Christmas holidays "because the market for fuel could be met without working during that period."

But this year the situation is very different. Striving to keep up with the first demands of war, the country is overtaken by a coal famine. Suffering in many sections is acute. Industries will have to close their plants and throw thousands out of work unless coal supplies are forthcoming. The Fuel Administration declares the Nation needs at least 50,000,000 tons of coal over and above the normal output for the year.

In this emergency "the coal miner is being looked to to do his bit to keep the factories and railroads in operation and the householders and public institutions warm."

> "Therefore," concludes a statement issued yesterday by the officers of the miners' organization, "out of consideration for the public need we are calling on the United Mine Workers of America to take only two holidays, Christmas and New Year's. Our patriotic duty demands that this be done. It will be a service the people of the Nation will appreciate. We earnestly urge local Presidents, Secretaries and Mine Committees everywhere to see that this holiday request is fulfilled."

Let labor unions in other industries throughout the country show, when occasion arises, the same spirit of duty to the Nation first, and it will be not only "a service the people of the Nation will appreciate," but, more than that, a solid asset of proved loyalty that will be invaluable to the cause of organized labor in the United States for years to come.

Letters From the People

Please limit communications to 150 words.

Soldiers Want Phonograph.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

We have read a letter in your paper written by one of our brother soldiers stating that the people of New York City had not forgotten their soldier boys, even if they are far away. Well, we would like to get a phonograph and a few records to help pass our leisure hours. The army regulations do not provide a band for engineering outfits, therefore we have very little music.

We will thank you to print this letter, and maybe somebody will help us out. Signed by privates Daniel Gleason, Mitchell Bievenzacht, Vincent McGinty, Peter Carderelli, Louis Trongogoo, Abraham Levine and Edward Shaw, Headquarters Company, 102 Engineers, Spartanburg, S. C.

FRANK FINEGAN,
Corporal, in command of Lonesome Squad.

The Place for Dogs.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

As you have given space to readers in defense of the dog, will you allow me to say a few words against this useless animal of the city? I like dogs; in fact, I like all animals—in their place. But the city is no place for a dog, as it belongs in the suburbs and country districts. A casual observer does not have to walk many blocks before he is confronted with numbers of dogs roving through the streets, growling and snapping at each other. The tons of foodstuffs consumed annually by dogs in the city could easily be applied to human consumption.

W. J. G.

Seeks Her Citizenship.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

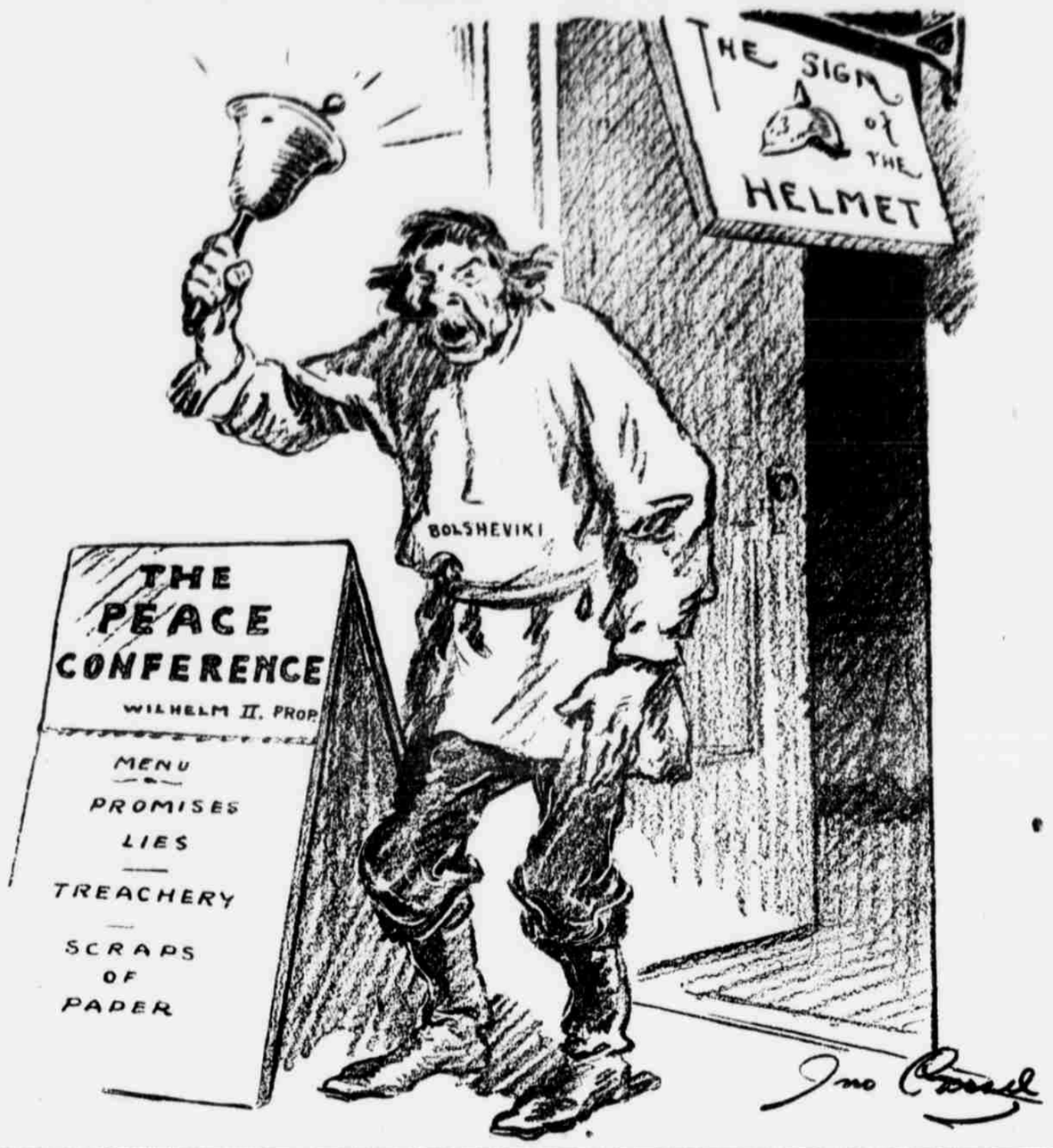
About seven years ago my husband (since deceased) made application for his final citizenship papers. While in hospital, where he died, he was notified to appear for the same. If I took the notification to the court could I take out the final papers?

F. C.

A wife may proceed upon her deceased husband's first papers, but these will be invalid if more than seven years old.

Calling the Allies to Dinner

By J. H. Cassel



What My Parents Wanted Me to Be

By DARWIN P. KINGSLEY,
President New York Life Insurance Co.

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The Family Doctor by a Hint to a Hard-Working Country Boy Changed the Whole Current of His Life.

MY father probably wanted me to be a lawyer. He was a Yankee and not given to much speech. Life early became such a strenuous matter that I was too busy to pick and choose, and beyond a determination, early arrived at to get a good education I had to consult hard circumstances and not my father in all matters relating to my vocation.

The whole course of my life was changed by a few words spoken to me by our family doctor when as a small boy I was attending one of the primitive "deestrict" schools in Alburg, Vt. We lived a mile away from the red school house and three miles from the Post Office.

In this isolated section my parents owned a forty-acre farm, and with the exception of a little tea and at rare intervals a little sugar in place of maple sugar, which was home-grown, we "lived off the land." What we called coffee was made from parched wheat or corn.

Our winter clothing was made from wool supplied by a dozen sheep, first spun and then woven by hand. Flax from our garden was converted into summer garments. The spinning-wheel was rarely silent day or night, for even the thread we used was spun at home. The first time my father exchanged his wool for cloth seemed to us an advance to a higher state of civilization.

Our home life was that of self-respecting, honest, religious, hard-working people, very confined and narrow, with no leisure for my parents to think beyond the task of keeping their five children clothed and fed. There was little time for reading so we had few books.

Raised in such uninspiring surroundings I did not visualize life beyond our own narrow world.

In the district school there was little thought of higher education. However, one day, my friend, the family physician, who had a wider experience than the rest of us, advised me to keep on with my education and study Latin.

I had never even heard of Latin and when he explained what it would mean to me to know it, I suddenly realized that there was a world about which I knew nothing.

Then and there I determined I would acquire more of an education than our district school offered.

Before I was twelve I had gotten all I could from there, but I continued to go to school in winter and work on the farm in summer until I was seventeen.

I was sent to Swanton Academy for one winter term and to Barre (Vermont) Academy for one spring term.

Under the guidance of Dr. J. S. Spaulding, a noted man, head of the academy, I resolved to work my way through both academy and college. Between terms I worked as a farm laborer.

Before I was twenty I took the spring entrance examination for the University of Vermont at Burlington. That summer I saved $45.

The farmer for whom I worked agreed to lend me the rest of the necessary money to go to college if I gave him security in case I died. He believed if I lived he would get it back.

Dr. Spaulding had always instilled in us the advantages of life insurance, emphasizing the fact that it could be used as security. I took out a $1,000 policy, which I handed to my former benefactor. To this incident I attribute the fact that I am President of the New York Life Insurance Company to-day.

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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ALL day at his office Mr. Jarr had debated the matter in his mind, should he or should he not?

"I hate to start something I can't finish, or maybe that will be my finish," he mused, "especially in the joyous holiday season, so to speak."

Again and again he pondered over the matter. "I got up when the janitor began hammering the heating pipes, giving us coal famine camouflage for steam, and then I went to the door to get the morning paper in my pajamas—why do the English spell the word 'pyjamas'?—and when I brought the newspaper into the bedroom Mrs. Jarr took it from me and asked me to pull up the window shade. Knowing I wouldn't be permitted to read either the war or financial news while she was gunning the store advertisements for Christmas bargains, I put on my dressing gown and went to take my bath, and when I came back Mrs. Jarr was still reading the newspaper in bed."

It must be understood that all these reflections were "asides." Mr. Jarr was talking solely to himself. Although, since the vogue of Ibsen, our modern playwrights do not permit actors to speak "aside" or to "soliloquize." Some one must be on the stage to talk to, even if it be but a telephone into which to speak them fatal words that spills the beans of tragedy.

"I wouldn't have minded it if she had asked me for it," murmured Mr. Jarr to himself. "Of course, I wouldn't have given it to her. But I wouldn't have minded it if she had asked me for it. I hate to have a battle about it just at this season of the year, but that five dollars"——

So when he got home he started something.

"Did you take five dollars out of my fob pocket?" he asked his good lady bluntly.

Observe now how a married lady replies to such a question. She neither affirms nor denies.

"What did you say?" asked Mrs. Jarr absently.

"I asked you if you took a five spot out of my fob pocket last night or this morning."

"Why should I take five dollars out of your pocket, pray?"

"That's just what I want to know. Did you?"

"Why should you accuse me? Am I a burglar? Am I a housebreaker. Am I a pickpocket?"

"I am not saying you are anything, but I know I am out five dollars," said Mr. Jarr.

"How do you know you lost five dollars? Where did you get five dollars?"

"Never mind where I got it, did you get it?" asked Mr. Jarr testily.

"Why should you accuse me?" replied Mrs. Jarr in an injured tone. "Am I in the habit of breaking in houses and robbing people? How do you know anybody took your money? How do you know you didn't spend it or lose it? Look how carelessly you lay around and let the money roll out of your pockets. Just the other night I found two pennies on the rug by the sofa. They had fallen out of your pocket while you were reading on the sofa, and you never missed them."

"Oh, piffle!" cried Mr. Jarr. "Two cents and five dollars are different matters."

"The principle is the same," murmured Mrs. Jarr, her eyes filling with tears. "To think you should come home, raging like a lion, just before Christmas, and call me a pickpocket. I suppose you forget the time you had some money in your coat pocket and you hung up your coat and the coat fell off the hook and the money came out on the floor"——

"And flew right into your bureau drawer?" interjected Mr. Jarr. "But never mind the old five dollars. I was going to give it to you anyway."

"Well, then, why do you make such a dreadful fuss about it?" asked Mrs. Jarr. "While you were taking your bath this morning the milkman was very rude unless he got $5 on account. But"—and here Mrs. Jarr clenched her rosy palms—"if I had known that $5 was for me, I would have liked to have seen myself give it to any tradesman! Let them wait till after Christmas."

Dictionary of the Trench

K.

Kamerad—German for comrade. The German's "I surrender."
Kilo—A kilogramme, 2.20 pounds.
Kilometer—Measure of distance (3,280.8 feet). About five-eighths of a mile.
Kitchener's Army or Kitchener's Mob—England's first volunteer army for the present war.

L.

Laiser Pass—A military pass.
Landsturm—One of the units of the German Reserve Army.
Lee-Enfield—The rifle used by the British Army.
Leninites—An active radical faction of Russian Socialists, named from their leader, Nikolai Lenine.
Leutnant—A German Second Lieutenant.
Lewis Gun—An air-cooled machine gun invented by Col. I. N. Lewis of the United States Army.
Listening Post (French, poste d'ecoute)—A position beyond the first line trenches from which a detail of two or three soldiers listen at night for sounds of enemy activity.
Little Willie—German Crown Prince.
Louftingue—French slang for a fool, a "nut."

M.

Maccabees—Corpses. One gets used to living beside corpses, or Maccabees, as we call them."—Diary of a French officer.
M. B. K.—Missing, believed killed.
Mariolle—French slang for bluff.
Marmite—A kettle. Also a German shell, from its resemblance to the utensil.
Massed Formation—The close order in which Germans attack.
Maximalists—A radical or Anarchistic party in Russia less violent in its doctrines than the Leninites.
Medaille Militaire—Military medal, a French decoration.
Millimeter—A unit of measure, 0.0393 inch.
Minnie—A kind of shell fired by Minenwerfer.
Minenwerfer—A German trench mortar.
Moins Cinque—French slang, "Just in time."
Mufti—Civilian clothes.
Mushik or Mujik—Russian peasant.

(More to-morrow.)

Bachelor Girl Reflections

By Helen Rowland

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BLONDES may brighten a man's existence, but for the sake of his soul and his sanity every man should have a brunette in his life!

Some favorite "camouflages": The men your wife "might have married"; the girls your husband "escaped"; the movie actress's salary; the married pair who "never exchanged a cross word"; the Christmas gift that "is just exactly what we WANTED"!

One of the horrors of war—the thought that all our likable men may come back from Europe wearing mustaches!

The first time a man shows a girl he regards it almost as a sacrilege, after that as a sacrament—and later as a sacrifice.

A man can become so used to his wife's nagging that if she suddenly stops he will begin to worry for fear she has discovered the real truth about him.

The woman who can remember the exact date when men stopped raging at the disgusting feminine habit of "sweeping the streets with trailing skirts" and began railing at "shocking immodesty of the new short skirts" is apt to keep it as dark as she does her age.

Oh, well, a "woman-hater" is a man who insists on hating women because he knows that if he doesn't he will love them—and he doesn't want to love them because he hates 'em!

The only thing that a modern man doesn't seem to consider necessary to an enjoyable love affair is—love.

If you want a man to remember your kisses forever bestow them all on the Blarney stone.

The Girl from The West

By Sophie Irene Loeb

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A GIRL came to New York from the West. She came through one of those contests that are frequently held in the small town—a contest whereby a bevy of girls get a trip to New York as a result of votes cast by the populace. It matters not whether it was a beauty contest, a brain contest or a school teachers' contest.

The girls came to New York for the first time. The arrangements included entertainment for the young women during their entire stay in New York. Every minute was planned for them so that they might have a good time. They had it.

They had such a good time that they were loath to leave and longed to remain. These girls came from nice old families from the small towns—the kind that you would call "respectable working girls." Having won in the contest, they wanted to spread their wings and at least were anxious to flutter in the big city.

A few of them made desperate efforts to get jobs so that they could stay here. Most of them had no money, their entire trip being paid through the contest. So that it meant actually getting out and making a livelihood in order to stay.

I had met these girls months ago, when they came in the contest. The other night I was with some friends from the West who were "seeing" the Great White Way.

In one of the fashionable Broadway cabarets I saw one of these girls—in the chorus and otherwise taking part in the show—the kind of show which is just "within the law," almost approaching the line of indecency, and which bids fair to be stopped by self-respecting citizens.

But that is another story. This article concerns itself with this girl from the West—the girl who was blinded by the bright lights and who has seemingly lost her true vision of things.

There she was, not only in that scantily clad chorus, but in the one act that required the most daring display of herself—she was the centre.

Somewhere in the little town yonder there is a mother sitting under an oil lamp reflecting on her girl who has gone to the big city to "make good."

A smile passes over her face as she thinks of that pretty child; how tenderly she had watched over her and how proud she was of her. In fact, the whole town was proud of her to have won over so many in the contest. And soon, soon this mother hopes to come to that big city to be with the daughter of her heart, that she might watch her success.

And when that success comes she reflects what a joy it will be to return to the town where she was born and reared and receive the respect and appreciation of all who had known her.

Ah, yes, this mother hopes on—in anticipation of the girl and her work. Little does she know what that work is and the sorrows that are in store for her when she discovers it. For the girl has deceived her. She has not told her the truth for she knows she will break her mother's heart when she does.

Oh, the pity of it! The girl is not talented in this particular work. Therefore it is only a makeshift in order to stay in the big city, since she could not secure any other kind of employment as readily as this.

Some time she must go back—back to the home that is hers, humble though it be, or else continue in this spectacular sphere in which she now finds herself night after night, and perhaps from there sink to lower depths, as the history of hundreds has proved.

If she could only have foreseen the future, or even NOW see the situation. She has other talent—genteel talent—that would bring her sure success, slowly but patiently.

Of course she would have to be satisfied with a little now, to get much later. But no, she must choose this dazzling and brass-band way, and burn herself out. She will light an hour or two and be gone.

If only such girls could realize the blessings that are back home in security and respect. Even though it may be monotonous at times, it were much better to wait until you are ready for the big city because the city is always ready for such girls—too ready, too willing to swallow them up in its devious way.

Oh, if only such girls could save themselves the heartaches, the looking back, the regret that later comes as the result of the feverish anxiety to be in the limelight and the whirl. The flame is always too much for the little fluttering moth that wanders from its natural precincts.

So these friends of mine from the West who knew the girl sighed and shook their heads, saying she is "the last girl for this job," and her awakening will be terrible, to say nothing of the suffering of those close to her.

If only every girl would look before she leaps and understand that it is much better to live in hopes of realization than die in despair of remorse.

Betty Vincent's Advice to Lovers

THIS year we celebrate a war Christmas and it is a good time for young men and women to simplify their giving. A man should not offer a girl elaborate presents unless he is engaged to her. According to conventional canons, there are four sorts of gifts among which he may choose. He may give to a girl friend a book, a box of candy, flowers or music. He never should give her jewelry or any article of clothing.

Nor should girls feel obliged to make a formal gift to every young man of their acquaintance. If a girl wishes to remember a man whom she really knows very well and who has shown her considerable attention, let her give him some simple thing like a book or a box of homemade candy.

If we have any extra money this year let us put it into presents to be sent to the boys "over there" or to nearby camps. They need all the Christmas they can get.

A Dilemma.

"A. F." writes: "I am sixteen and have been out several times with a boy a year older than myself. One night when this boy was with another girl, my brother stopped him and told him not to see me any more. My brother does not like him, but I like him very much. Should I write to him, or should I wait till he asks me if I concur in my brother's decision?"

The latter course would be wiser. But I do not see why you should give up your friendship with the young man simply because he is not popular with your brother.

"K. C." writes: "Is the salutation, 'Dearest Ed' correct in letter-writing? If not, why not?"

The correctness of such a salutation depends entirely on the warmth of your friendship with the person addressed. If you are engaged to him, for example, it would be quite correct to begin your letter in the manner you suggest.

"A. R." writes: "A young girl has been engaged to a young man who lives at home for over a year, and in that time never has met his parents. I told her that he should take her to see them, but she insists it is customary for the man's family to take the initiative in such circumstances. Which of us is right?"

Unless the young man's mother is an invalid, or there is some special reason why she cannot go to see the girl, the mother should call on her and formally welcome her into the family.